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Rapid Transit That Rips.

The Deutschland is a record breaker. She has crossed the Atlantic in the breath-snatching time of 5 days, 11 hours, 45 minutes. Her average speed was 23.32 knots an hour. "Fifteen minutes to Harlem" would be only about eleven minutes and a half if we had Deutschlands pulling our elevated trains. Just think of it, ye fast-aging waiters for rapid transit!

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

VACATION IS A GOOD THING.

By CORNELIUS VAN COTT,
Postmaster of New York City.



I AM a firm believer in vacations for all classes. It is well enough for some men to say that they never take a rest. Directly they do not, but then they have at their disposal horses and other means of recreation which the poor do not possess.

The man who has to work for his living needs a vacation. I give all the employees of the city Post-Office a good rest each summer. There is no question that they return in better spirit and perform their duties more satisfactorily the remainder of the year.

This is perfectly natural. Uninterrupted labor year in and year out cannot be sustained with such good results as work broken for a few weeks each year by a cessation of duties.

The vacation is, moreover, something for every man to look forward to with pleasure. It encourages him to more conscientious efforts for his employer. A feels as though some recompense were offered for his devotion to his labor.

More especially in a metropolis like New York does the rule hold good. Here there are thousands of men who get no opportunity to spend even a few days in the country. To these men and to their wives the vacation is a boon long remembered and much appreciated.

To those in affluent circumstances the vacation has lost all meaning. Their time is more or less at their own disposal and they take a rest when they feel the need of one.

The poor man cannot do this. He depends entirely on the humor of his employer for a fortnight of happiness during hot weather.

I am glad to see that the vacation among working men and women is becoming each year more and more a popular necessity. It is a good investment for both employer and employee.

WHY IT WAS BROKEN OFF.

"O your engagement is broken?" said the girl in gray.

"Yes, it is," replied the girl in brown, frowning at the recollection.

"What was the matter?" answered the girl in brown.

"He barely deceived me," answered the girl in brown. "You see, it was this way. I asked him one day to promise me that he never again would smoke cigarettes, and he promised. Then I asked him to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form, and he promised to do that. Later I told him I had a horror of any one who touched liquor, and he agreed never to touch it. After that I suggested that I thought clubs had a bad influence on young men, and I should expect him to give them up, and he said he would. I also took up the subject of gambling, and made him promise that he would stop playing cards and betting on races."

"Well, you didn't demand a great deal of him, did you?" said the girl in gray. "I suppose he deceived you in the matter?"

"He did," said the girl in brown.

"Broke his promise, did he?"

"Oh, no; I could have forgiven that. But just when I was congratulating myself that I at least had reformed one young man, I found that he didn't require any reforming. He wasn't addicted to a single one of the habits I had made him promise to break. It was a terrible shock, and I broke the engagement at once. There was no longer anything in it to make it interesting."

BEGINNINGS OF GREATNESS.

"I was here in this old schoolhouse," mused the man with the big diamond pin, who had returned after an absence of thirty years to the scene of his boyhood days. "That I learned my letters! It was here I laid the foundation, so to speak, of all my success in life. Even then," he continued, "I gave indications of the business career I have since followed."

"Yes," said the old schoolmaster, with note of interrogation in his voice.

"Yes," affirmed the other, pointing with his cane to the paper walls still visible on the smoke-blackened ceiling. "Do you see those?"

"I don't know them there."

"That's the corner of a large paper mill."

No. 13

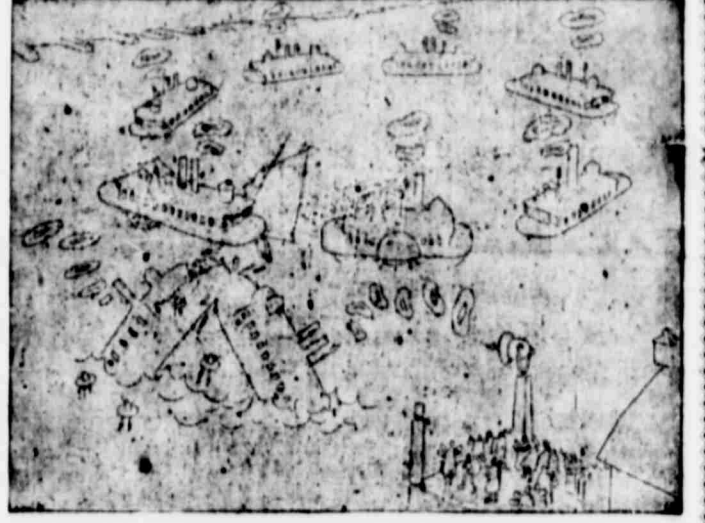
MR. LONELY OF LOVEYDOVEYVILLE-ON-THE-SOUND; OR, THE JOYS AND WOES OF A COMMUTER.—By T. E. POWERS.



When Winter comes to Lovey Doveyville, the commuter's life is a misery.



After having awakened in a snowdrift in his bedroom, for the "beautiful" shifts its way through every commuter's cottage, he nearly loses his life running for a train which he does not catch.



Getting to the ferry-house, late for business already, and with all the rolling-stock on the river lost in a fog like this.

Laura Jean Libbey



ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

No matter what your home life may be, how cheerless the surroundings, whether poverty hovers about the door or sickness and vicissitudes have entered it, shut out the gloom from your thoughts with an iron will and teach yourself to look on the bright side.

You cannot change or mend matters by being despondent and carrying the sign of your hopelessness in your careworn face.

Trials and heartaches come into every life; he is a true philosopher who diligently searches for a chink through which the sun may shine.

There are jagged rocks for every human foot to press in that long journey from the cradle to the grave, and he who stops to lament at every abrupt turn which leads through brambles instead of beds of roses is but a poor soldier in God's great army.

Wear a cheerful countenance, that your friends will seek you instead of avoiding you. Keep your sorrows and trials to yourself, carefully locked up in your own breast.

No matter how true and earnest the friendship of your friends may be for you, they will grow restless sooner or later at the constant repeating of the story of your troubles from your lips.

They may feel sorry for you, in a calm sort of way, but when it comes down to it they will rather resent your attempt to cast half of your burden upon their shoulders, which you assuredly attempt to do when you drag your troubles persistently before them.

People have worries enough of their own without having your trouble on their minds. It is little wonder that they look for pleasant companions instead of gloomy ones.

The man or woman who looks persistently on the bright side of everything is indeed a gentle gleam of human sunshine, inspiring and joyous, shedding upon him the breath of all with whom they come in contact.

Mothers should patiently inculcate into the hearts of their little ones the noble trait of looking on the bright side of every difficulty which looms up in the daily course of existence. Natures are made or marred by it.

A cheerful disposition, which is another name for the possession of the happy faculty of looking on the bright side of everything, can be acquired by earnest and persistent effort, and is worth more than rubies to its owner.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

THESE BITS OF FUN TO LAUGHTER RUN.

NOT NECESSARY.

"Billy, do you give your baby physical culture exercises to make him strong?"

"Make him strong?" said old man, come out some night and we'll let you sleep with him."

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

Perhaps no man would have red hair. Were he allowed to choose it? But when he has it, just the same, He doesn't care to lose it.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S CODE.



Honor, love and hunger rule the world. For honor's sake we have the duel, for love the ballet girls, and to forefend hunger we have a rich marriage—Stimulants.

HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.

"Don't you think every man is master of his own destiny?"

"Oh, I don't know; he gets out of a lot of blame by letting some one else boss things."

WILLIE'S LATEST.

Little Willie—Say, pa, Pa, well, what is it now, Willie? Little Willie—Does grapeshot grow on ambushes?

GROWTH.



"They say rain don't really make a feller grow, but somehow since the shower my clothes seem a lot smaller."

AN EASY MATTER.

Miles—Were you ever in two places at the same time?

Giles—Sure thing. Miles—Where, pray? Giles—In a pair of trousers.

ALL MEN THAT WAY.

"Daughter, is your husband amiable?"

"Well, ma, he's exactly like pa; when he gets his own way about everything he's lovely."

IDEAL STOCK RAISING.



A North German farmer has imported a number of celebrated milk cows from the Tyrol. To prevent homesickness among the animals he also imported a couple of Tyrolean singers and had them perform in his barn—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE CORNFED PHILOSOPHER.

"I have noticed that the thin woman," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "is so little affected by the hot weather that she never is driven to wearing those openwork yokes that her plump sister affects."

A NEW DISH.

"They say a carrier pigeon will go further than any other bird," said the landlady, "said the landlady. "I notice a fowl doesn't go far."

BROKE HER NAME IN TWO.

THE lady reporter had been detailed to procure the names of prominent persons in attendance at a performance of grand opera.

"I beg your pardon, madam," she said, approaching one of the occupants of a private box, "but will you oblige me by giving me your name?"

"Mrs. Archibald Jo Neeze," replied the lady.

"Pardon me," rejoined the reporter, "I did not quite catch the last name."

"Jo Neeze."

"May I ask how you spell it?"

"Certainly. J-o-n-e-s, Jo Neeze," laughingly answered the occupant of the box, and the reporter retired to the foyer to fan herself.

Municipal Ownership.

The municipal control of the gasworks at Rochdale, England, is so successful that a profit of \$65,000 has been turned over toward reducing the rates.

FETCHING AND YACHTY.



These nautical belles do not favor canvas trousers, like some of the Newport fashionables; they look too fetching in the breezy yachting costumes they are wearing.

BOSSSED BY STRANGERS.

THERE is not a reigning sovereign in Europe whose family is of the nation over which he rules. The House of Austria is really the House of Lorraine, the Hapsburgs being of Swiss origin. The King of Belgium is a Saxe-Coburg. The King of Denmark is a Holstein. The young King of Spain is an Austro-Hungarian. The King of Italy is a Savoyard. The founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was a country attorney at Pau, in Italy, less than a century and a quarter ago, and the King of Hellenes is a Holsteiner. The Hohenzollerns were originally Swabians, being therefore partly Bavarians and partly Swabians.

Cable Message Speed.

Forty-five words a minute is the outside speed for Atlantic cable transmission.

A FOX TERRIER THAT TALKS.



TATTERS AND RAGS.

A. M. Herring of St. Joseph Mo. owns a fox terrier named Tatters that can actually talk. He understands many hundreds of English words, but cannot articulate so many. He speaks very good dog English, however, which is as intelligible as pigeon English. When he wishes to have a door opened he says: "Howl! howl! howl! Orpe wa ore!" and when the door is opened for him he says: "Wow! wow! wow! Shank woo!" When he wants a drink he whines: "Awan yawnk!" and he gets it.

Tatters has a son eleven years old named Rags, who has not his daddy's efficiency as a linguist, but who is playful and an expert acrobat. The picture shows father and son out for a spin on their wheel.

Only One Chinese Minister.

Only one Chinaman has been regularly obtained a minister of the Gospel. His name is Jim Lee and he lives in San Francisco.

MOLLY'S EYES.

"Molly's eyes would shine for me. I'd give the sun for fair warning. He wouldn't rise to light my eyes—For just the beam of Molly's eyes. Would make my mornin'!"

If Molly's lips were red for me. In weather sad or sunny, I'd say to every golden bee: "You needn't rob the rose for me—Her lips are honey!"

If Molly's heart would beat for me. So low I just could hear it. I'd give the world, at least, my part—For just the beat of Molly's heart. And my heart near it!"

—Frank L. Stanton.

Russia Leads.

The average duration of marriages in England is twenty-eight years, in France and Germany, twenty-six; Norway, twenty-four; Russia, thirty.

In the Sea.

The salt and other solid matter contained in the ocean would be sufficient to entirely cover the dry land with a layer 200 yards deep.

A Big Balance.

The British Exchequer's balance at the Bank of England on April 1 was over \$5,000,000 greater than a year ago.

Shore Lights.

Lighthouses and lightships dot the coast of Great Britain at the rate of one to every fourteen miles.

A Big Force.

London has 13,364 policemen, or nineteen to the square mile. Sixty per cent of them are on night duty.

The New Word.

"Indurascriptibility," meaning incapability of limitation, has been admitted into the newest dictionary.

Lots of Gloves.

France makes nearly 2,500,000 pairs of gloves yearly, and of these 18,000,000 pairs are exported.

A Long Lunch.

A State lunch in China contains 146 dishes.

Rich Sweeping.

One year's sweepings of the British Mint yields over \$1,000 in gold and silver.

Big Coal Fields.

There are 5,600 square miles of coal fields in Great Britain.

Canada Coal.

Coal mining is developing rapidly in Canada.

MANY-BLADED KNIVES.

This knife, known as the "Norfolk knife," made at Sheffield, and containing ninety-five blades and instruments, no two alike, has been shown at several English exhibitions.

On its large mother-of-pearl handles are carved the names of the fifty-two counties of England.



A giant knife made by a Sheffield firm contains as many blades as there are years in the Christian era.

AN ACTRESS'S MANY MISHAPS.

Miss Mary Hampton's Hairbreadth Escapes in Two Years.



Narrow escape. Her ankle sprained in a runaway in St. Louis in 1898. Attacked by a troupe of circus clowns in Chicago, July, 1898. Struck by falling lamp post in New York, May 2, 1899. Thrown from a runaway horse, Denver, Aug. 4, 1899. Now on crutches.

The Day's Love Story

A Plot that Failed.

WE fellows had missed Dick's cheerful face a good deal from the Levity Club of late, so I went to his chambers in the Temple and found him at a writing table, which was strewn with manuscript and odd scraps of paper.

"This story I'm writing," said Dick, "is my masterpiece."

Eagerly he raked together about a dozen scraps of paper covered with diagrams and a sheet of paper closely written upon.

"My idea," he began, "is this: Two fellows, named Dick and Harry, are in love with two girls—Lucy and Mabel. Now, Dick loves Lucy, while Harry's affections are centred upon Mabel. Very well, but there is trouble—Mabel doesn't care a straw about Harry; her fancy is Dick. And the object of Lucy's tender passion is Harry. D'ye see?"

"Yes," rather faintly.

"Well," he continued, "there is to be a masked ball in their town, and my four characters will be present. Dick intends to go as a Chinaman and Harry as Mr. Answers. Mabel is going as Queen Mary and Lucy as Mrs. Kruger. By some means they all get to know what the disguises of the others will be. But at the last moment each couple exchange their dresses, reversing the characters. D'ye see?"

"I think I grasp it," I muttered between my set teeth.

"Well," continued Dick, "the consequence is that Harry, who was going as Mr. Answers, but who has really gone as a Chinaman, proposes to Lucy, who is made up as Queen Mary, taking her to be Mabel, who as a matter of fact is masquerading as Mrs. Kruger."

A cold sweat was beginning to break out all over me, and I believe I must have worn that same kind of hunted expression which was now increasing on poor Dick's face.

"Go on," I said desperately.

"You see," he said, in compliance, "there is an arrow pointing from Dick to Lucy, showing he loves her; here is another from Lucy to Harry, showing she loves Harry. I fairly trembled now, and Graham's hair was assuming a rigid perpendicular.

"Then here is a curved line from Harry to Lucy in the diagram, showing them at the ball, which points to the fact—"

"Heavens, man!" I broke out. "Drop it, or I'll go mad!"

"Do have a little patience," he cried excitedly. "It's getting quite simple, I assure you. There are only a few points to clear up and it'll be as simple as A B C."

He dipped his pen in the ink and drew another diagram representing the four characters.

"You see by this," he said, pointing to it, "that Dick, who ought to be a Chinaman, is really Mr. Answers; while the girl he—that is, her—and Harry has changed his disguise from Mr. Answers to a Chinaman. Well, Dick loves Lucy—Queen Mary, really—but he takes Mrs. Kruger to be she. See, if?"

"Stop it, man!" I cried. "You'll go off your head!"

"Mrs. Kruger and Queen Mary went to a masked ball," I heard him mutter.

Once again I beseeched him to desist.

"If the fancy ball—that is, suppose Mrs. Kruger were a Chinaman—No, no!"

He was fairly dancing about now with excitement, and had signalled started to work the thing out on his finger tips.

I waited for no more.

Without delay I dashed off to the Levity Club and fetched half a dozen friends. We arrived at Dick's chambers.

The poor fellow was sitting quietly on the floor surrounded by manuscripts and sheets of paper bearing diagrams.

"If Mrs. Kruger were to meet Mr. Answers at the carnival, would Lucy be engaged to a Chinaman or to Queen Mary?" he was muttering. "Suppose Queen Mary were Mrs. Kruger—Impossible! Then Mr. Answers must be a Chinaman, and I know he isn't. Suppose a Chinaman married a fancy dress ball! Who proposed to Mrs. Kruger?"

We stole away as softly as we had come, a scared look on our faces.

A week later poor old Dick Graham was safe in Bedlam.

LITTLE BRITISH PRINCES.



Edward 1900

These are the Princes Albert and Edward, grandsons of the Prince of Wales, watching the soldiers changing guard from the garden of Marlborough House.